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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

VOL 36 No. 846
MAY 13, 1930

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DOROTHY REVIER
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Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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Children of Pleasure

By

ROSEMARY LEE

In Pat Thayer, Danny Regan found his inspiration, the love that would make his songs live forever.

DANNY REGAN was the most popular song writer on Broadway. The Regan name to a love lyric was a guarantee that it contained all the sentimental lure that goes to make a hit. And, yet, Danny, himself, had never been swept off his feet by the grande passion until one day—

Fanny Kaye was putting on a new Regan number at the Palace Theatre and Danny dropped in to see how the audience liked it. Next to him sat a blonde girl, a beautiful blonde. Danny took one look at her and his heart acted the way hearts always did in his love songs. The Kaye number went over big but its author scarcely knew it. When he returned to the music publishing house of Bernadorf and Regan, he had only one thought in his mind, one vision before his eyes.

"How was she?" asked Emma Gray who had been in vaudeville with Danny before he became a song writer and for five years had been head of the professional department of the publishing house.

"Wonderful!" Danny exclaimed. "Her hair was like silk thread, golden silk thread, and her eyes were two big pieces of heaven."

"What!" Emma exclaimed in amazement as a picture of the plump, dark-haired torch singer flashed before her.

Danny laughed with no trace of embarrassment. He had no secrets from "Aunt" Emma, as she

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called herself, and he proceeded to tell her of the beautiful girl who had occupied the adjoining seat at the Palace.

Danny again saw his lovely vision in the flesh a few weeks later when Fanny Kaye opened her new show which featured his songs. As he stood in the wings, looking out at the audience, he caught a glimpse of her in the opposite box. From that moment on, he had no idea how the show was going until at the final curtain Fanny drew him out onto the stage to share her applause. He made his little speech of appreciation with his eyes fastened upon the opposite box. He wasn't quite sure but he thought the lips smiled in approval, the heavenly blue eyes had a friendly glow. Then, for Danny's particular benefit, Cupid brought them together again at the night club where Fanny was entertaining in celebration of the new show's success. The girl was dancing around in the arms of a dark-haired young man who bore all the earmarks of belonging to the millionaire class. Danny managed to steer Emma close beside the other couple, so, when the music stopped, they faced each other. No, he had not been mistaken about the friendly glow, for the girl smiled directly at him, at him, Danny Regan.

"I loved your new songs tonight, Mr. Regan," she said, then introduced her escort, Mr. Peck.

"I want you to meet Miss Gray, Mr. Peck and Miss—well, I want you both to meet her," Danny finished with an embarrassed laugh. "I wish you'd join us at our table," he ventured shyly.

"We'd love to, wouldn't we, Rod?" the girl said quickly before her companion could speak and Danny led her across the floor, leaving Emma to the care of Mr. Peck.

Another moment of embarrassment dawned for Danny when he reached the table and was under the necessity of introducing his new acquaintances to Fanny Kaye and her party. But the girl was equal to every social emergency.

"I want you to tell me what you've been doing with yourself since we met," she said as she took her place at Danny's side.

"By the way, Pat, where did you meet Mr. Regan?" Rod Peck asked with a shade of doubt beneath his casual question.

"Why, Rod, it was the most amazing situation," the girl smiled. "You see it happened on Broadway. I ran him down with my car and nearly killed him." Danny looked at her in innocent surprise. Perhaps this thing had occurred but not when he'd been sober. "It happened so quickly, he didn't know what struck him, did you, Mr. Regan?" Danny was too amazed to speak, so he simply shook his head. "Of course, a crowd gathered but I pushed them away, knelt at his side and took his head in my arms. Just then he sighed, opened his eyes, looked up into mine—"

"And began to sing 'Mammy'," the girl across the table finished.

"Please, Emma, don't interrupt," Danny chided, a trifle impatiently. "And what happened then?" He turned to Pat.

"Have you forgotten? Of course, I apologized and introduced myself," she explained to the listening table. "It was the least I could do. He looked up at me pathetically and said, 'What did you say your name was?' and I carefully repeated, 'Miss Patricia Thayer.' Remember?" She flashed a significant smile at the gasping Danny and a grin of understanding finally answered her smile.

"How could I forget that part? Miss Thayer was so sympathetic."

From that night on, the junior member of the publishing house of Bernadorf and Regan was in constant attendance upon the popular Park Avenue debutante. Society looked on and smiled at the rapidly blossoming romance and Emma Gray watched with a strange fear in her heart, a fear that was totally untinged with selfishness. Patricia Thayer's love affairs had often made the first pages of the dailies. Men had attempted suicide on her account. While abroad with her father the year

"If I'm bored, all I'll have to do is to press the button and turn on a love song."

This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the play, "The Song Writer," by Crane Wilbur. Richard Schayer wrote the scenario, Crane Wilbur, the dialogue, and Harry Beaumont directed, with Lawrence Gray appearing as Danny Regan, Wynne Gibson as Emma Gray, Helen Johnson as Pat Thayer, Kenneth Thomson as Rod Peck, Lee Kohlmar as Bernie, May Boley as Fanny Kaye and Benny Rubin as Andy Little.

"I saw you had to be shown just what it would mean to wake up married to some other girl, so I played up to you, Danny, and put it over pretty."

before, a duel had been fought for her favor—and Rod Peck still carried the mark of his opponent's superior swordsmanship. Emma did not want Danny to be hurt and she was afraid he would be.

"Danny, Pat's a sweet kid," she ventured when they were alone one evening at the office," and I don't blame you for being crazy about her. But are you sure she means it—the same way you do?"

"Sure," Danny returned without looking up from the piano where he was working out a new melody. "I'm pretty sure. You know how I am, Emma. When I'm alone with Pat, I don't know how to ask her, so I want to put it all in a song, the greatest love song ever written. I'm working on it now."

But it seemed that Emma's fears were groundless. That same evening Danny managed to convey by means of songs and otherwise the impression that he wanted Pat for his own forever and ever, in his blue heaven, a cottage twined with roses and in every other place he had glorified in his lyrics. Much to his surprise, Pat said, "Yes." And, unlike the Park Avenue fathers of fiction when their daughters turn to Tin Pan Alley for a mate, Mr. Thayer smiled with approval upon his only child's choice. Not only had Danny won the friendship of his prospective father-in-law, but all Pat's girl friends openly envied her. Even Rod Peck showed no hard feeling toward the boy who had won the girl to whom he had been devoted for years.

At Danny's entreaty, Pat promised that they would run away and get married without any fuss but later she changed her mind. Every girl wants a wedding and, if the girl happens to be the loveliest and most popular member of the smart set and her father one of the wealthiest brokers in Wall Street, it is even more natural that she should look forward to all the pomp and ceremony that attend an event she firmly believes will be the only one of its kind in her life. Danny, naturally shy in spite of all his Broadway experience, trembled at the thought of the crowds and the publicity, but he wanted Pat to have everything to make her happy, so he hid his reluctance to the changed plans beneath a smiling acquiescence. He was to suffer doubly, it seemed, for the night before the wedding there was to be a rehearsal at the Thayer home and Danny anticipated it with as much dread as he did the actual ceremony. But Pat was gleeful. Danny was so handsome, so adorable, and, while they were waiting for the rehearsal to start, he entertained with the songs he had written to her with a sincerity that brought open admiration from her girl friends from out-of-town who were meeting her fiance for the first time. Danny, however, felt that the effort behind his smile and gaiety must be apparent to everyone present and he was glad when Pat announced that the rehearsal would start immediately. She had the butler show him to a room where

(Continued on page 27)

"Kate Curtis? I like her very much."

Strictly

By **ETHEL**

KATE CURTIS looked dreamily out of the car window as each turn of the wheel carried her nearer her destination and a whimsical smile played about her lovely mouth. Here was she, the author of the best seller, "Passion is All," hurrying to a wedding and looking forward to it with relish. By this time her cousin, Amy Spencer, had received her telegram:

"Am on my way to witness the end of your romance and the beginning of your marriage."

Dear Amy! How girlishly bubbling over with plans for the coming event her letters had been! Hers was going to be an ideal marriage. She had known Heath Desmond for five years, so, of course, she could be making no mistake. A picture of the ceremony flashed before Kate's eyes. There would be the usual weeping on the part of her aunt, the usual congratulations, couched in the usual terms, then there would be the conventional wedding cake topped by the stupid-looking bride and bridegroom. But maybe there would be an unusual turn. Kate hoped so. She was desperate for a plot for her next best seller. How close it was in the train! She tried to open the window but it had no originality and stuck in the usual way. From the seat across the aisle, a handsome, dark-eyed youth rushed to her assistance. Even he could not budge the refractory window. Then he decided it had better remain shut.

"It would be very dirty and windy," he explained.

"Anything else I can do for you?"

"Nothing more at present," she dismissed him with a curt nod.

They were coming to a tunnel now. They were in it. Again they dashed out into the daylight—and the young man was seated by her side.

"I was afraid over there all alone in the dark," he volunteered. "Are you alone?"

"Practically," she returned with a tantalizing glance from under half-closed eyelids.

"I wanted to meet you, so I came over. Do you mind?"

"Well, I would if you weren't so honest about it."

"Honesty is the best policy—when you can't think of an attractive lie."

A boy came down the aisle selling peanuts, popcorn and candy. Kate's new acquaintance tried in vain to tempt her appetite. Then the young salesman suggested a book, "Passion is All," the month's best seller. The young man had read it and, to his amazement, so had the girl at his side.

"You have my sympathy," he commiserated.

"Well, there must be something to the book. They've sold over a hundred and twenty-two thousand copies."

"I had no idea there were so many morons in the world," he exclaimed. "I think anything that Kate Curtis writes is bad," he added. "She must be a disappointed old maid."

"Maybe you're right, but she's my mother's favorite author."

"And—and your husband's?" he suggested.

"Oh, I'm just another disappointed old maid," she smiled slyly.

"Lodi! Lodi!" the conductor called and they both reached for their bags.

"You getting off here, too?" the young man asked delightedly. "I've got a car out there and I'll take you just exactly where you want to go."

He hastened down the aisle ahead of her. He was right—a car was waiting. The moment he stepped from the train, two official-looking gentlemen dashed forward to welcome him to the city and, against his protests, led him to a waiting conveyance in which he was to ride as a guest of the police department. When Kate stepped out on the platform, she saw him struggling to free himself as the officers of the law thrust him into the car. Wonderingly she looked after him, then, with a

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This is an adaptation of First National's screen presentation based on the play, "Cousin Kate," by Hubert Henry Davies. Ray Harris and Gene Towne wrote the scenario and dialogue and William A. Seiter directed, with Dorothy Mackaill appearing as Kate Curtis, Sidney Blackmer as Heath Desmond, Julanne Johnston as Amy Spencer, Warner Richmond as Judge Bartlett, Mickey Bennett as Bobby and Katherine Claire Ward as Ma Spencer.

Modern

ROSEMON

"Oh, I've broken his heart, I've broken his heart!"

shrug of her shoulders, hailed a taxi to drive her to her cousin's home.

There another surprise awaited her. Almost on the eve of the wedding, the bridegroom had disappeared. Tearfully Amy told her the sad story. Heath was an artist. It had often worried her that he did not take life more seriously. Just a few nights before, she had told him that, after their marriage, he wasn't to paint pictures on Sunday. He had promised to quit painting nudes and do only religious subjects on that day.

"And, you know, Kate, when some people marry, they become selfish and forget their higher duties," Amy continued. "I wanted our marriage to be an ideal one, so I told Heath, in order to make it that, we should eliminate passion as much as possible. You see, our dear friend, Judge Bartlett, told me what to say to Heath, so we would have a fair understanding before we were married."

"And Heath?" Kate questioned.

"Why, he just picked up his hat and walked out of the house. At the gate he met Judge Bartlett, hit him in the eye and kept right on going."

"Judge Bartlett told you what to say to Heath and yet he hit him in only one eye?" Kate chuckled.

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the judge, himself, his eye visibly discolored by contact with the prospective bridegroom's fist. He was fairly bursting with news. Heath Desmond was back in town. He had had him brought immediately to the City Hall. There he had apologized for his pugilistic activities and received the judge's full forgiveness. The latter, as a friend of the family, had pointed out the distress he had caused by his disappearance. He had agreed to return only if Amy, herself, would send for him. And the judge had promised to convey a message to him from his fiancee.

"I think Amy should write a letter to Desmond and apologize for her absurd views on painting and passion," Kate advised, "and I think I should deliver the message immediately."

"But I've arranged with Mr. Desmond to deliver the note myself," the judge protested.

"Nevertheless, I think I could do it much better," Kate called over her shoulder as she pulled her cousin into the living-room and sat her down at the desk. "If you don't act now, your wedding day will slip by before you know it," she warned the younger girl. "You haven't had the lessons from life that I've had, dear. I wanted a perfect man. Now I know there isn't one. So, you see, I've had disappointment after disappointment, until now I have the worst of all to face—loneliness. A woman's life is so meaningless by itself. I have a great many interests, I have a profession, I'm successful, I'm invited and welcomed everywhere, but I'm lonely, Amy, absolutely lonely. Oh, I'd give it all up for a real home with a husband and children. I want you to be happy, dear, not disappointed like me, so write this, 'Darling, if only I could be near you now, I would be supremely happy as I am sure that we have both suffered since our moment of parting. Please come back to me. Love, Amy.'"

"That's beautiful!" the younger girl breathed. "You'd almost think you were in love yourself."

"Well, maybe I am," Kate returned dreamily, "or perhaps I might be if only I could see him again. You know I met the most attractive man on the train and he was going to drive me up here. But, when we got off at the station, two policemen threw him into a patrol wagon and drove him away."

"Why, Kate, maybe he was a murderer!" Amy gasped.

"Well, he was the most attractive murderer I've ever met," her cousin smiled.

But Kate had no further time for day dreams. She had an errand to perform as Cupid's little messenger, so she started off at once for Heath Desmond's hotel in the village. After she had delivered the letter, she was to meet Amy at the little cottage she and Heath had furnished for their love nest.

But Heath was not at the hotel and, after leaving the letter, Kate set forth for the cottage. Before she reached it, a typical summer storm had the countryside at its mercy, drenching her sheer summer clothing and sending her running down the road to the haven of the little white, green-shuttered house she saw some yards away. There

she found the logs already in the fireplace and she soon had them crackling and sending out their cheery warmth into the room. She was just settling down to dry out her wet clothing when she heard heavy footsteps in the room beyond. She stifled a cry of fright and, with terror-wide eyes, stood watching the door, breathless. A moment later it opened to admit her acquaintance of the train.

"Did you escape?" she gasped after the first surprise of seeing him.

"Oh, yes, I got away," he told her.

"Are they following you?" she asked solicitously.

"Yes—but I think I gave them the slip at the frog pond. They'll never find me here."

"Did you murder somebody?" she inquired in an awed whisper.

"No, I'm just a victim of a woman's charms," he returned significantly.

"What will happen to you if they catch you?" she asked.

"I'll be sent up for life," he told her solemnly.

She gazed up at him, her blue eyes soft with sympathy. Then she realized that he, too, was drenched. Taking his coat, she hung it near the fire to dry, then hustled out into the kitchen and returned soon with a pot of hot tea. Then, unmindful of the storm outside, they settled down before the fireside.

"I wish you weren't a criminal," she said after a pause. "You don't seem to belong to the criminal class."

"The influence of a good woman could do a lot for me," he said wistfully. "But I'm not so dangerous," he added gently. Again a pause. "Do you believe in love at first sight?" he asked suddenly. "You see some one and all of a sudden you get such a funny feeling in your throat and then it catches you in the knees—but it's all grand and exciting and the only thing worth living for." She didn't answer. "I'm in love with you."

"But how can you tell," she asked, "when it's so sudden?"

"Oh, love at first sight reveals in a single flash everything that it takes friendship years and years to find out."

"You talk about love as though you had a great deal of experience." There was a trace of disappointment in her voice.

"I felt that I was in love for a long time, but I was mistaken. It was friendship, not love. Now I know that I've never been in love with anyone but you."

Kate's eyes grew dreamy.

"My world's been filled with two kinds of men," she said as if to herself, "the men I've loved and the men who've loved me. They were never the same."

"Does that still hold true?" he asked eagerly.

"No. I suppose you can fall in love at first sight. I did with you."

"I loved you the minute I got on the train"—his arms were about her now and he was whispering to the golden curl that fell so saucily over her ear—"no, before—when I put my foot on the step to get on."

"And I was so afraid you wouldn't be catching the train today," she murmured softly.

"How could you be? You didn't know me."

"But I've always been watching for you. Whenever I've started on a journey, I've always looked in people's faces and wondered if one of them was you. I was always disappointed. It wasn't you—not until today."

Then, in the quiet of the room, with the glowing logs looking on approvingly, their lips joined in a long, lingering kiss. They were to meet there the following afternoon at one o'clock. And, in the midst of their planning, the door bell rang.

"That must be my cousin Amy," Kate explained.

"Amy?" the young man repeated. "It might be a policeman. I think I'd better hide."

He dashed into an adjoining room and closed the door. Kate stopped to hide one of the tea cups before admitting her cousin, then she leaned over the divan and gave the pillow a final smoothing pat. As she did so, her gaze fell upon a double leather frame that had been hidden beneath it and she gave a little gasp of dismay as she looked at the pictured faces, Amy's smiling into the eyes of a dark-haired young man. Her lips set in a grim line as with a determined step she crossed the floor and admitted her cousin.

"I'm sorry for being so late," Amy apologized, "but, when it started to rain, I had to go home for an umbrella. Did you meet Heath?"

"Yes," Kate returned quietly, "and we had a cup of tea while we were waiting." She turned to the closed door and called, "Mr. Desmond, your fiancee is here."

A second later the door opened and a rather sheepish young man strode into the room.

"Heath, did you get my note?" Amy asked. He shook his head. "But I wrote to say that I was sorry and asked you to forgive me. Will you?" He nodded. "Thank you, dear," she went on, not noticing his silence. "How do you like my cousin, Kate Curtis, the famous novelist?"

"Kate Curtis?" he repeated in surprise. "I like her very much much."

"Mamma said everything would be all right as soon as Cousin Kate got here and it is, isn't it? We really owe our reconciliation to her. And, you

know, Judge Bartlett is such a noble character, so big, so sweet and so forgiving. He's even forgiven you for what you did to him and he's going to perform the wedding ceremony just as mamma planned. Isn't it all marvelous?"

"It's almost unbelievable, isn't it, Miss Curtis?" Heath Desmond countered.

"Yes, almost unbelievable," Kate agreed, "and I hope you and Amy will be very happy, Mr. Desmond."

THE guests were assembling for the wedding and the Spencer home was a bustle of suppressed excitement and expectancy. Amy was fastening her bridal veil in place when Kate joined her in her room.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked solicitously as a quick gaze took in the pale face, the miserable eyes. "You don't look a bit like a happy bride."

Amy did not answer for a moment then she murmured hesitatingly:

"I feel so sorry for Judge Bartlett. You know he's very fond of me. He started to propose once, but mamma interrupted."

"Why, Amy, you don't want to marry Judge Bartlett, do you?" Kate exclaimed, the light suddenly dawning.

"No," Amy returned but there was no conviction in her tone. "And then I've given my word to Heath. But, Kate, I'd like to see the judge before the ceremony. I wonder if you would send him up."

Her errand completed, Kate wandered out into the garden for a moment of quiet from the noise and excitement. There Heath Desmond found her.

"Kate, please," he begged as she turned from him, "I've got to talk to you now. Were you only amusing yourself at my expense at the cottage?"

"I'm sorry if I hurt you," the girl returned without meeting his eyes.

"Oh, I can't believe you were only playing, I can't believe you were only fooling when you said you loved me."

"I was never in love with you," she told him coolly.

"Then why did you tremble when I touched your hand, why did you stammer and blush?" he asked.

"I was just seeing if I could act like the heroine in one of my books." Still she did not meet his eyes.

"Why are you so determined for this marriage to go on?" he demanded, not heeding her explanation. "Is it because you think Amy loves me so much or because you are afraid the neighbors will gossip?"

"I believe it would break Amy's heart if anything more were to happen to her wedding," she told him solemnly. "And I consider you in honor bound to marry her." He rose abruptly and started down the path. "Heath," she called, running after him, "you'll be good to her, won't you?"

"Is this the happy ending?"
"I'm waiting for it."

Without a word he turned from her and entered the house and she followed slowly. At the foot of the stairs she met Amy's young brother, Bobby, who gleefully held up a dollar bill for her to see.

"Where did you get all that money?" she demanded.

"From Judge Bartett," the boy returned, "for not telling about him and Amy."

Kate's eyes opened wide with understanding.

"Is he still up there with her?" she asked.

"No, after he paid me for not telling how he kissed her, he went downstairs, looking kind of sad like."

Kate found the judge standing in one corner of the living-room, still looking, as Bob had expressed it, kind of sad like. Without a word she rushed out into the dining-room and returned a few moments later with a glass of punch which she urged him to drink.

"Perhaps it would refresh me," he said gratefully as he took it from her and drained it just as the orchestra started the strains of the wedding march.

AS KATE had pictured, as the ceremony proceeded, her aunt's sobbing could be heard even above the judge's words. Amy still looked pale and miserable, while Heath Desmond's lips were set in a grim line and his responses to the judge's questions were scarcely above a whisper. Kate wished they would get it over with, for the nervous tension of the principal actors in the little drama seemed to fill the room to the bursting point.

(Continued on page 31)

Maurice Chevalier's new picture, "The Big Pond," was made simultaneously in English and French, a feat performed for the first time in the history of the talkies. The star has been appearing personally at the Fulton Theatre, New York, to enthusiastic audiences. Claudette Colbert looks as if she doesn't think her job's a very hard one—being leading lady to the popular Maurice.

That's That -:- by Ruth Rand

"TALKIES have brought the screen the first real training school it has ever had," says Marie Dressler. "I am glad to see talkies come, particularly singies, because they bring the old time chorus with them. The great disadvantage of the silent picture was that it had no real training school for youngsters. There was really no intermediate step between extra work and star parts. Because of this, failure has marked the efforts of hundreds of young players who might have been salvaged to the industry if we had had something similar to the chorus. I envy these professional choruses the big studios are now assembling. At the same time that they are getting invaluable physical training, they are able to observe the acting technique of the principals in their pictures. The whole course of study given a good chorus girl or man leads definitely to higher things in the drama. I am mighty proud I came from the chorus. As a matter of fact, I went back to it three times after I became a leading woman, simply because I felt I needed more of its training."

A PIECE of shrapnel nearly ended Maurice Chevalier's theatrical career, but was responsible, instead, for his present international popularity as a star of talking motion pictures. The steel fragment that lodged in his right lung while he was going over the top during one of the early battles of the World War almost caused his death. He was

dragged out of No Man's Land by a German soldier and spent many weeks in a prison hospital. Even after his life was saved, doctors assured him he never would sing again. He was sent to a prison camp at Alten-Grabou near Magdaberg, where he spent twenty-six months as the cell-mate of a British schoolmaster, Ronald Kennedy, before his exchange was effected. It was there that he learned the English language and paved his way to success as a bilingual star of both stage and screen. In spite of the gloomy predictions of the German doctors, Chevalier completely recovered from the effects of his wound and sang his way to music hall stardom in Europe and then into international acclaim via the screen. His first two pictures, 'Innocents of Paris" and "The Love Parade", met with instantaneous success and he has now completed the starring role of "The Big Pond" at Paramount's Long Island Studios. This production was filmed simultaneously in English and French dialogue,

Graham McNamee, the Universal Newsreel Reporter with the It voice and a smile to match, never disappoints his public, no matter what personal inconvenience being on the job entails.

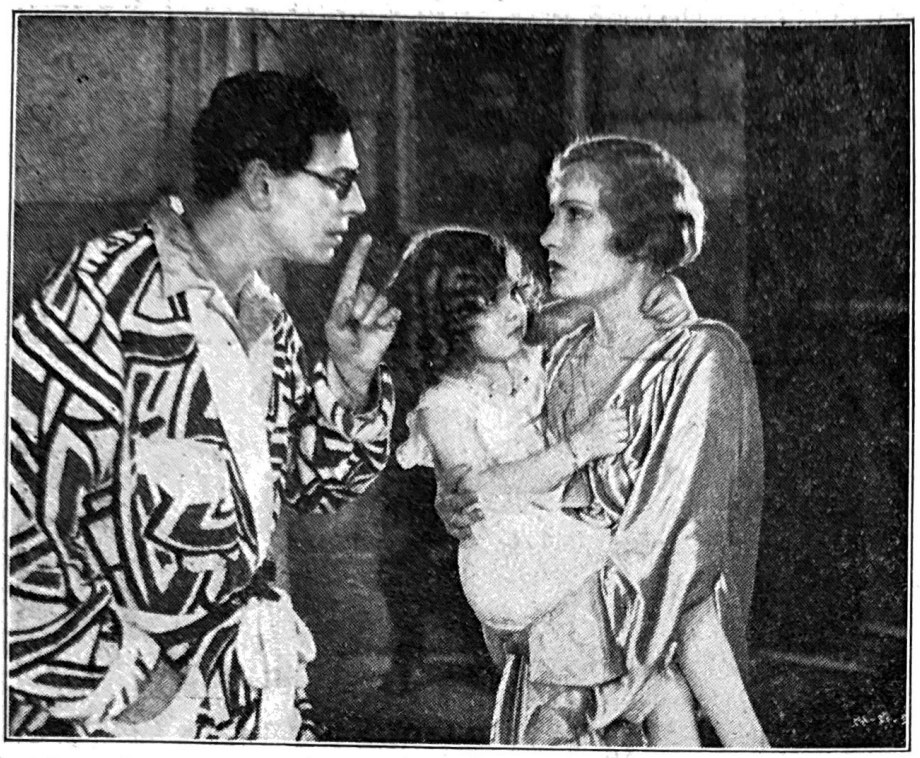
In "Honey", the picture version of "Come Out of the Kitchen", Nancy Carroll has an opportunity to display her Irish brogue as well as her ability as a cook —though we saw no flashes of Nancy—or anyone else, for that matter—in the act of eating the delicacies she prepared in her dainty Southern kitchen.

the first time that such an innovation has been tried in motion picture history.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S life-long dream of a round-the-world cruise is about to come true. Immediately after she completes "Manslaughter", her next picture at the Paramount West Coast Studios, Miss Colbert will leave for a world-encircling trip which will take up most of the summer months of 1930. She has arranged to sail aboard the Imperial Prince from Los Angeles, May 20. She will return to her screen work in the autumn at the Paramount Long Island Studio where her two most recent pictures, "Young Man of Manhattan" and "The Big Pond" were filmed.

A RARE combination for such a petite and winsome miss is seen in Helen Twelvetrees's make-up. Although she admits to a domestic streak and is very fond of cooking and sewing, particularly fine needlework and embroidery, the little Pathe player confesses she adores boxing and rarely misses a big bout in Los Angeles.

(Continued on page 32)



John Hale immediately recognized the lovely girl who held the baby protectingly in her arms.

A Royal

By HELEN

JOHN HALE regularly mailed out his brain children to editors—and just as regularly the editors mailed them back to him. Still he was not discouraged. Some day he would write a great romantic novel and it would be the world's best seller. Meanwhile, Mrs. Cassidy, running true to form, demanded her room rent every Saturday night and the embryo novelist would have faded away to skeleton proportions had it not been for the untiring devotion of Rusty, the man of all work, and the adroitness with which he escorted food from the kitchen to young Hale's room when his mistress was otherwise engaged. And then, as romantically as it might have happened in one of his own novels, John Hale fell heir to three hundred thousand dollars at the decease of a remote uncle whom he scarcely knew lived until he had died. Just before the attorney for the State brought him the glad tidings, the Sunday supplement of a popular daily displayed the story that Von Baden Castle in Latavia was for sale, owing to the fact that the Countess, the former Lila Mansfield of Philadelphia, heiress to the Mansfield oil millions, had divorced the Count and, to complicate matters, had kidnapped their only daughter, Gloria, who had been awarded to the father by the local court. The story carried the picture of the great stone castle overlooking the surrounding country from its hillside position, together with photographs of the Countess and her baby. What a romantic spot to write the great American novel—in fact, it would write itself in such surroundings. As soon as the attorney brought word of his inheritance, John Hale ordered him to purchase the castle for him and he and the faithful Rusty prepared to set sail for the remote little kingdom.

But news of the young man's good fortune traveled rapidly through the boarding house and brought a speculative light to the eyes of two of the "paying guests", Mitzi Beaufort and her ever watchful mother. Never should it be said of them that they let a three-hundred-thousand-dollar fortune elude their grasp. Just as John had completed his packing, there was a gentle knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Mitzi. She had missed the young man so during the past few days! Why had he failed to appear at the Cassidy table? He could at least have sent some word to her. She was brokenhearted when she learned he was leaving. She threw her arms about his neck and, to the young man's complete amazement, confessed her burning love for him, a love, she claimed, he had fostered by his past attentions—and at that moment Mitzi's watchful mama opened the door and seconded her daughter's sentiments. She would not have her only child deserted that way. He must marry her before he left. John, living as he did in his world of dreams, had scarcely been aware of the girl's existence, though he dimly remembered having seen her at the table during those prosperous periods when he, himself, had been able to take his place among the favored guests. But what was ten thousand dollars out of a fortune of three hundred thousand, the amount he learned would heal the dark-eyed beauty's broken heart? But the faithful Rusty, who never had trusted this young woman and her mother, had been listening to the entire conversation from the hall outside and was still in his position of vantage when Mitzi turned to say goodby to John, the hand holding the check poised conveniently on the outer edge of the door. A deft stroke of Rusty's trusted weapon, the razor, and John Hale's first check was without signature and the two were free to start on their

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the story produced by Harry Cohn. Norman Houston wrote the scenario and dialogue and Erle C. Kenton directed, with William Collier, Jr., appearing as John Hale, Pauline Starke as Countess Von Baden, Clarence Muse as Rusty, Ann Brody as Frau Muller, Eugenie Besserer as Mother, Walter P. Lewis as Hans, Betty Boyd as Mitzi, Ullrich Haupt as Count Von Baden, Bert Sprotte as the Magistrate and Dorothy De Borba as Gloria.

Romance

HOYT

In exasperation, Hale extracted a number of bills from his wallet and offered them to the unwelcome visitor.

trip to the land of romance.

VON BADEN CASTLE exceeded the dreams of even the embryo romantic novelist. Its great stone walls enclosed long, rambling rooms, the corners of which were filled with the armor of knights of old, the walls hung with life-sized portraits of the lovely ladies who had ruled in splendor over their far-flung estates. Just a spot for him to write, John decided immediately. But the old man and woman who had charge of the castle did not share his opinion. Why should a newly rich American intrude upon their ancient traditions? They would get rid of him—and that with all dispatch. On the very night of his arrival, they related blood-curdling tales of the murders that had been committed in every room, of the moans and clanking of chains that could be heard at midnight, of the ghosts that flitted through the dark corridors while the rest of the world slept. Rusty turned almost white with fear but his young master simply laughed at their stories as the superstitions of ignorant minds. But that very night there were such weird goings-on at Von Baden Castle that Rusty prayed for a speedy and safe return to his beloved "Bumminham" and John, himself, hurried from his four-poster bed to investigate the strange phenomena. He reached the lower hall just in time to see a white-robed figure disappear through a secret opening in the gray stone wall. In the novels that had sprung from his brain during the course of his writing fever, he always had a secret spring that worked such openings and he forthwith proceeded to locate it. This done, he hurried through the opening in pursuit of the vanishing figure and caught up with it as it reached a completely equipped apartment in a deserted wing of the castle. One look at the lovely frightened face and, from the stories in the Sunday supplements, John recognized the unhappy Countess Von Baden. He was just explaining his presence there and urging the girl to feel free to accept his hospitality when a sleepy "Mama" was followed by the entrance of the night-robed little Gloria. This, then, was why the two faithful servants had tried to get rid of the new owner of the castle, to protect their young mistress and her baby from the Count and the minions of the Latavian law. Assuring the Countess that she was just as safe as she had been before his arrival, he asked her permission to have tea with her the following day in order that together they might plan some way for her escape. And there were no more weird happenings that night, for Hans and Frau Muller felt confident that their charges were safe from intrusion.

The next afternoon, Countess Von Baden related her sorry plight to her new-found protector. The Count, who, under the guise of love for herself instead of for her father's millions, had wooed and won the Philadelphia heiress, had been all respectful devotion while they remained in her own country, but, the moment he had her safely installed in his own castle, his abuses began. Drunken orgies were the nightly rule. The castle was filled with his drinking companions from the village and stories of his affair with Mitzi Beaufort, a young foreign adventuress, reached her ears. Finally he brought his mistress to his own home. When the young wife protested against her presence, he struck her. The blow led her to seek a divorce. This the Latavian court granted but, by its ruling, little Gloria became the property of the Count. The Countess determined not to leave the country until she had the child in her possession. She succeeded in carrying out her kidnapping plan but found that all the borders were watched and there was no way of evading the soldiers who were protecting the Count's interests. She and her baby therefore became fugitives in the deserted wing of the castle, waited upon by the two faithful servants.

"I think I know a way to get you safely out of the country," John declared when she had concluded her story. "Will you put yourself in my hands and believe that I want to help you?"

She flashed him a grateful smile.

"But don't you realize that in helping me you may get into serious trouble?"

"Don't let's worry about me," he assured her. "First we must get you and the baby back home."

He rang for Hans and upon his appearance sent him on a secret mission, warning him that it was a dangerous one but one that, if successfully carried through, would mean freedom for the Countess and her little girl.

"How can you take such desperate chances for some one you scarcely know?" Countess Von Baden asked gently when the door had closed behind Hans.

"Oh, it's an old American custom," the boy grinned.

THE next day was little Gloria's third birthday and the new master of the castle arranged a party in celebration in his own quarters. He was just lighting the three little candles when there was a clang of the huge bell and Rusty returned from the door to announce with wonder-wide eyes that it was "dat wicked lady from Mrs. Cassidy's who done gone and followed you here". With an apprehensive glance at the secret door that led to the Countess's apartment, John Hale reluctantly bade the darky admit the unwelcome visitor.

"What brought you here?" he greeted.

"Your charming government and my overwhelming desire to see you again." Her lips curled into a smile as her eyes wandered about the familiar room. "How charming to be here again!" she purred. "This place has many pleasant memories for me. The Count and I are very dear friends. I just left him at the Royal Inn in the village. He is still searching for his wife and little daughter."

Again Hale glanced uneasily at the secret door.

"Really, I am sorry to be rude, but I must ask you to leave," he said quietly.

"Your hospitality is delightful," she told him, "but you have a little matter to settle with me first. It will not be so easy to get rid of me here, my friend—and no checks this time."

In exasperation, Hale extracted a number of bills from his wallet and handed them to her. She quickly counted them and then contemptuously dropped them to the floor.

"Pin money!" she sneered.

"It's all the cash I have. Take it or leave it," Hale told her.

And now Rusty, who had been standing guard near the door, decided it was high time that he made himself master of the situation.

"Dis way out, Miss," he said, approaching Mitzi menacingly.

Realizing that she was beaten, at least temporarily, she started for the door, hesitated, then turned back and looked at the money she had scorned. Hale stooped down and picked it up and, with a low bow, handed it to her. It was better than nothing at all, she decided, and accepting it would not stand in the way of further demands. Just as she was passing through the iron gate, her glance wandered to the deserted wing and she caught a glimpse of the Countess and Gloria, hurrying to keep their dinner appointment with Hale. Her visit had indeed not been in vain!

THE three were making merry over their birthday party when there was a loud beating at the iron gate and a stern voice demanded admittance in the name of the law. Hale hurried his two guests through the secret passage and closed the door after them, just as one of the soldiers scaled the railing and opened the gate to admit Count Von Baden and his cortage of troopers. Hale and the Countess, in worried consultation in the latter's living-room, realized what the former owner's presence portended. He knew every hiding place, every crevice in that great rambling building. It was only a question of minutes when he would discover them, the baby would be torn from her mother and the mother, herself, would be a prisoner of the kingdom. Hale gazed expectantly out the window. Would Hans make it in time or would he fail in his mission? He tried to keep his anxiety from the Countess, striving to make his voice sound casual as he encouraged her to get herself and Gloria ready for a trip. Just as the mother was fastening the baby's coat, the huge stone door opened and Count Von Baden strode into the room. With a well-aimed blow, Hale sent him sprawling on the floor, then kicked the door closed behind him. It was safe to assume that no one else in the company knew of the existence of that secret passage and the two fugitives still had a chance to escape. Then suddenly Hale's eyes brightened and he ran back to the window. Sure enough! The faint, whirring sound was coming nearer and nearer and the next moment an aeroplane soared into view.

"Is there any other exit?" he asked the Countess eagerly.

"There is a little side door that leads across the garden to the bridge beyond," she told him.

"Then hurry," he urged. "Perhaps we can still make it."

Clasping little Gloria in his arms, he grasped in his hand the sword that had been the faithful protector of three generations of Hales in just as many wars and ran out to the garden.

They had almost made the bridge when a soldier stationed on one of the balconies spied the fleeing figures. Shouting to his comrades, he led them in rapid pursuit.

The plane had landed just on the other side of the bridge now and Hale helped his charges into the seat, while the pilot jumped to the ground to start the propellor. From just across the bridge they could hear footsteps coming nearer and nearer, the shouts of the leader urging his men on. They were on the bridge now. If they crossed it, all hope was gone. Flinging a hasty farewell over his shoulder, Hale dashed forward to meet the oncomers in the

middle of the bridge. Then, for the first time, he saw that the Count, recovered from his blow, was leading the men. And there on the narrow bridge they came face to face, their swords meeting with a clash that could be heard above the whirring of the plane's motor. But Count Von Baden had had more experience in swordsmanship than the young American and, after a gamely fought battle, Hale fell to the ground, clasping his arm with a groan of pain. Then he raised his eyes and a smile spread over his face. Above his head the plane was rapidly gaining altitude, bearing the Countess and her baby far beyond the revenge of the Count and the power of the Latavian law.

THERE was no doubt about it —John Hale of the good old U. S. A. had been guilty of harboring a fugitive from justice and the law decreed that all his holdings in the Kingdom of Latavia should be confiscated to the crown. But the decree also carried with it an escort across the border—and that was what at that moment counted most to the young adventurer. He had wanted atmosphere. He had gotten it—at what a price! He had craved romance. No price was too big to pay for it. But where was the faithful Rusty? He begged the soldiers to let him go back to the castle in search of him, but they firmly refused. He was a dangerous character. Who could tell what he might be plotting next?

A ROOM in Mrs. Cassidy's boarding house in Brooklyn was once again echoing to the tapping of typewriter keys as an embryo novelist tried to shut out the noise of vocal gymnastics from the next room and concentrate upon the great American novel, "Back Home and Broke". A knock came at the door.

"I'll have your rent for you tomorrow, Mrs. Cassidy," Hale called without looking up from his typewriter.

Then the door opened slowly to admit Countess Von Baden and her oil-magnate father. The latter had come to thank his daughter's rescuer for the great service he had rendered and to beg him to accept the money he had lost in purchasing Von Baden Castle. But young Hale would have none of it. It had been worth the price he had paid. And, anyway, it was rather fun to be "back home and broke". But Mr. Mansfield was wise in other matters besides oil wells. Pleading an important engagement, he left the young couple alone to talk things over.

"Hurry! Perhaps we can still make it!"

"How on earth did you find me?" Hale questioned.

"I'm afraid you'll be angry if I tell you," the girl replied shyly."

"No, I won't," he promised.

"Well, I went to all the publishers in New York and asked them if they'd rejected a novel lately about a castle and a romantic hero and a heroine in distress. When I found they had, I got your address."

"But how did you know they would reject it?" Hale queried wonderingly.

"That was easy," the Countess smiled. "You didn't know enough about women. You—I mean your hero—didn't know enough to tell the girl he loved her."

She smiled wistfully at the memory of the tender glow that had lighted his eyes during their few days together—and of his plainly apparent inability to tell her the feelings that were surging in his heart.

"I guess you're right," he admitted shyly. "And now he is more afraid of her than ever."

"But maybe the girl loves him, too," she suggested, "and wants him to tell her."

"She is further away from him now than she was before," he said sadly.

The conversation was interrupted by a second knock at the door.

"I'll have your rent for you tomorrow, Mrs.—"

Hale's promise was interrupted by the entrance of the grinning Rusty who strutted proudly across

(Continued on page 26)

The LOST ZEPPELIN

By JOSEPH JORDAN

When the great Zeppelin, The Explorer, took off on its trip to the South Pole, two of its officers, Commander Donald Hall and Lieutenant Tom Armstrong, carried in their hearts the image of the same lovely girl—and she was Miriam Hall, the wife of the commander. At a farewell dinner given in honor of the departing explorers, Donald had come upon his wife and Armstrong clasped in each other's arms. Later that night, at home, the heartbroken man had heard Miriam's confession that, though they had fought against it, their love had been too strong for them. With no reproaches for her or for the young man whom he had taken into his home and treated as his best friend, Hall agreed to take the necessary steps to give her her freedom. And, while the world listened eagerly to the radio reports of the Zeppelin's progress and congratulated Miriam upon being the wife of the most famous man of the day, her thoughts were of Tom Armstrong and the time when, the trip completed, they could claim each other before the world. She was at times inclined to be impatient at her friends' utter misunderstanding of the situation, their assumption that she and her husband were an ideally happy couple.

To Miriam the situation was growing tense when a sense of humor saved it. A fatuous young lady, with human intelligence and geographical knowledge on a par, broke in, her voice keyed to disappointment:

"It doesn't sound exciting at all. I don't see why in the world you've been worrying."

The banal tones roused in Miriam the spirit of defense for Donald and her love for Tom. In an emphatic voice she exclaimed:

"Do you realize that they are 10,000 miles away, headed toward the South Pole, that there's nothing below them but a desolate waste of ice and snow and——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the fatuous one. "Why, I'll wager that at this very moment they're trying to figure out how to meet some of those Eskimo women."

"There aren't any women!" cried Miriam, amazed. "There aren't any people at all in the Antarctic!"

"Ridiculous!" the other retorted. "A husband away from his wife can find women even at the South Pole."

MIRIAM was alone when the news of the Zeppelin's having crossed the South Pole came. She had finished dining at her home and was to be the honored guest at a theatre party that night.

At least her husband had achieved his greatest ambition, she thought, and she was to receive at second hand the world's adulation that was his. His love lay where his ambition sought reward. She had been a plaything to him, something to amuse himself with, to while away the tedium of the real object of his life, worldly applause. He had never loved her, notwithstanding his burning declaration at his discovery that he had lost her, that the work of his life had been all for her.

She smiled happily and her breast heaved with satisfaction at the thought of the part played by Tom, her lover, in the great work. She thought only of him during the performance in the theatre, and people were fooled by the glow of pleasure on her face. She smiled disdainfully at the shouts of the newsboys selling their "extrys" about the wonderful success of Donald Hall.

She went to sleep that night to dream of Tom. She was sleeping soundly when the telephone at her bedside rang. The ring was repeated violently, then again until she awoke, startled, dazed. Recovering herself, she reached for the phone. At the same time a loud knock sounded on her door.

"Yes?" she cried in response to both the call and the knock.

"Mrs. Hall," said the butler at the door, "there's an announcement coming over the radio."

"Yes?" again in the telephone. "It's just coming in over the radio—thank you, Capt. Russell."

She hung up the receiver and, springing from the bed, turned on the radio, without waiting to don her negligee or slip into her mules. The announcement was from Donald.

"Have been flying through blinding snowstorms for eleven hours. Apparently still over ice pack but unable to take observations. Ship losing altitude due to weight of ice and snow on it. Keeping full speed ahead to maintain altitude over ice pack, hoping for storm to subside. Will keep radio operator sending steadily."

What did it mean, she asked herself. She sensed that Tom and Donald were in danger, but couldn't grasp the gravity of the situation. How was she to know that maintaining altitude meant evading the towering ice peaks that were reaching into the sky, seeking to tear the balloon into pieces? Surely, there must be more coming.

"Prentiss," she called to the butler who still remained at the door, "bring some coffee to the living-room. I am going to wait up."

"Yes, madam."

For an hour she listened to the dance music to which her mind was ill-attuned. But she wouldn't, couldn't turn off the radio. Any moment the music might give way for a message from the South Pole. It might be a final message. She shivered. The thought of serious danger warmed her again to the memory of Donald, but it was the thought of Tom that was first in her mind.

She walked the floor. It was impossible for her to remain seated in the waiting moments that were racking her soul. Even now the momentous message might be coming through the ether to tell her of the last moments of her husband and Tom. She feared the worst and the suspense was agonizing. Memories were haunting her, memories of the immediate past and of the long ago. She thought that she would go mad.

There was a pause in the music and the scrape

of static in the air. A message from the South Pole? She stopped still in her walk, her hand clasping her heart, her soul struggling at her lips, intense agony in her eyes. It was coming, coming! She hardly heard the first words of the announcer, but didn't miss a sentence of the Zeppelin's message. The words burned into her brain:

"Falling. Weight of ice on envelope too great. Despite full speed ahead, ship losing altitude rapidly. Only 300 feet above ice pack. Can see ice peaks plainly. Falling. Falling. We're about to crash—"

That was the end of it, the end of the expedition, the end of the world. She stood as if in a trance, but nothing more came until the radio took up again the refrain of the world. The prelude to a song was heard in the air—an old song, "Forgotten," and then the first words of the familiar ballad.

Miriam turned cold and limp. She felt her knees begin to sag and her body grow numb. Her eyes were raised to heaven, but her arms were incapable of movement.

"Oh—dear God!" she cried and pitched forward to the floor in a dead faint.

The little mascot of the ship refused to leave Commander Hall and stay back in the tent, so Donald consented to make him one of the party.

THE chief object of The Explorer attained, the crossing of the South Pole and the accumulation of meteorological data, the next move was to return to the base camp, from which point greater fruits of the expedition in the exploration of the ice pack and what lay under it were to be gathered.

Donald Hall was well satisfied with his success thus far, and, while the fiercest storm of the trip now gripped the Zeppelin, he had no doubt that they would weather it. But he reckoned without the storm and he saw that Tom was far from feeling sanguine. On circling the Pole, the Zep headed into the wind that seemed to increase in wildness each moment and, though her resources were strained to the utmost, she could make only the barest headway.

The snow seemed to be falling in cakes. Slabs of it clung to the ship, and the white mass was all that could be seen from behind the blurred windows. They were not only making no headway but were losing altitude. The ship was slowly falling. Unless the storm subsided, it meant that The Explorer would be forced down without the power of those on board to direct it to a safe landing place.

The weight of ice and snow on the ship was increasing momentarily and the storm showed no sign of abating. Finally, when the weight became too great, the Zeppelin would drop out of the sky like a plummet. And that moment soon came.

"We're falling!" the cry rang through the ship.

"Tom, we're gone," Donald Hall said quietly.

"Aye, aye, sir," Tom returned, saluting.

Then he took his place by the side of the radio operator and gave his commands to him as the ship began to plunge through space. Now they could see the great jagged ice peaks below them, the giant monster of the air a mere toy compared with the mountains of ice. All hands were ordered to stand by, but Commander Hall knew that the command was an idle one. There was nothing that anybody could do—except the radio operator and he was sending, sending faster than the ship was falling, telling the world of The Explorer's impending doom.

Then came the crash as a giant peak caught the gallant ship, the ripping of silk and the grinding of wood and crunching of machinery, the cries of injured men and the groans of the dying. The Explorer swept along the irregular, jagged ice tops, the wind screaming through its openings, and went tumbling down, down until it was finally wedged in and securely held.

Orders were given to look after the injured and to chop the way out of the ice-locked Zeppelin. The men, led by Tom, staggered through the blinding snow, carrying the injured. Two of the crew were dead. Soon a fairly good opening was found, tents were pitched and the food brought there. Commander Hall was the last to leave the ship.

A rapid survey of the wreck convinced him that the Zeppelin would never fly again. He ordered

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This is an adaptation of Tiffany Productions' screen presentation of the story by Frances Hyland and Jack Natteford, with dialogue by Charles Kenyon. Edward Sloman directed, with Conway Tearle appearing as Commander Donald Hall, Virginia Valli as Miriam Hall, Ricardo Cortez as Lieutenant Tom Armstrong, Duke Martin as Lieutenant Wallace, Kathryn McGuire as Nancy and Winter Hall as Mr. Wilson.

enough wreckage chopped away from her to start a roaring fire on the ice, the warmth of which was badly needed by his men.

"Get as much fuel as possible out of her, Tom," he ordered. "This gale may blow her away. Try and have the radio set up."

"Aye, aye, sir," Tom responded and by his example inspired the men with greater zeal in their work.

"Lieutenant Carlson," the Commander ordered, "you will set up camp. Lieutenant Brown, take charge of rations. Apportion them to last thirty days."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The men shivered in their furs, notwithstanding the fire. It was reckoned that the ship would last for two days the way they were breaking her up for fuel. An aerial was rigged up, but, as the operator was about to tick out a message, the last of the tubes gave out.

"The last chance," Hall said. "We're shut off from the world."

"Four hundred miles south of the Base Camp," Tom reported.

"While the camp will do all that is humanly possible to reach us, we must cooperate with them," the Commander directed. "We will divide ourselves into parties of three and start out in three separate directions. One of the parties may get into contact with a searching party from the camp and lead it back to the tents."

"We have food for eight days, sir," Tom reported.

"Apportion it, and let each party travel for four days and then take four days to return. It's a slim chance, Tom, but it is our only chance."

Commander Hall shook each man by the hand as the parties started. Hall, Lieutenant Wilson and Tom were the last to leave. The Negro cook remained behind. He tried to persuade a little terrier belonging to one of the crew who had died to stay with him, but the dog refused to leave Commander Hall, so Donald picked him up in his arms.

Most of the men who left the little camp were going to their death, and each one felt it. But it was the only chance. Hall and his companions had been out only a few hours when Wilson was caught in a snow slide and carried down a bank. Hall held a rope and lowered Tom down the steep declivity, but Wilson had been buried in the snow and was dead.

Eight days later, Hall and Tom, the latter hardly able to drag himself along, reached the camp to find it deserted. They called the names of the men, one by one, but not even an echo came back through the icy wastes. The big tent had been tumbled down and lay under a mound of snow. They righted it and, when they scooped under the snow, found three dead men beneath the shroud.

"Gone!" Hall murmured. "All Gone!"

A faint halloo was heard and they saw a machinist named Morgan crawling toward them. They hurried to him as best they could and helped him to the tent.

"No use," he said and smiled faintly. "Saw nothing going out. Coming back the storm hit us. We saw a plane overhead, heard the motors and shouted, shouted. No use. Flew away, flew past—"

They heard the death rattle in his throat and Tom shuddered, while Hall remained impassive.

"I wonder when they saw the plane," Tom said, a few minutes later.

"It doesn't make much difference to us," Hall returned. "It has abandoned the search and returned to the camp. We two are the last, Tom, and it is a matter of only a few hours. Our food is gone; we've only snow water to keep us alive. We found the Pole, Tom, and now the Pole has found us."

He stopped and appeared to have fallen into a doze. There was not a sound to break the vast stillness. The two survivors of the lost Zeppelin were enveloped in the frozen silence of the South Pole.

Soon they rolled themselves in the blankets they could find, packed snow on top of them and prepared for a much needed sleep. Both realized that they might never awaken, and Tom fought against the demands of nature. Donald, observing his nervousness, said quietly:

"We need rest, Tom. Let's get it. It's only a matter of time when we'll go into the long sleep."

"God! It's hard to die like this," the younger man groaned.

"No, it's easy. We've made a good fight and we're through."

Silence followed. Donald welcomed death, but Tom was still full of fight for life. He had everything to live for; Donald, nothing. A great love awaited his return, the love that had been Donald's. He stopped, ashamed of his thoughts, and went no further with his mind picture. He could hear the gentle breathing of his friend and knew that he slept. Tired nature shortly after demanded its due from Tom and lulled him into a profound slumber.

WHILE they slept, a plane went whirring through the sky just over their heads and passed on, unseeing and unseen.

Tom awakened with a great gnawing in his stomach, forgetful of where he was. His movements aroused Donald.

"I'm hungry, Donald," he said. "When do we eat?"

"We don't eat, Tom," Hall replied. "We've emptied our last can of grub."

"Our last meal," Tom groaned, "and pretty soon it will be our last sleep."

"Cut it out, Tom!" Donald said quickly. "Buck up." He saw a look in the younger man's eyes which made him fear for his reason. The terrible white silence was "getting" him.

"I can't," moaned the lieutenant. "I can't stand it, I tell you." He stopped suddenly and began to listen intently. "What's that?" he cried wildly.

"What's what?"

(Continued on page 26)

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

Dorothy Revier, Columbia Pictures' star, was judged one of the screen's most beautiful women by no less an authority than James Montgomery Flagg.

DOROTHY REVIER was born in San Francisco and attended school both there and in Oakland. When very young, she chose dancing as a career and to that end studied under some of the best teachers in the West, including in her training Italian ballet, Russian ballet, aesthetic, ballroom and eccentric dancing. After graduating from high school, she secured professional engagements and danced for an entire season in a San Francisco cabaret. Following this, she toured the Pacific Coast in prologues and appeared with the Olga Maskova troupe and the Boris Petroff Russian Ballet. An artist who saw her dancing in San Francisco asked her to pose for him, saying that she had one of the loveliest figures he had ever seen, and, when James Montgomery Flagg was in Hollywood, he chose her as one of the screen's most beautiful women and made one of his famous sketches of her.

Dorothy's screen marriage to Mat Moore in "Call of the West" is an open book but she managed to keep her real marriage to Charles Schoen Johnson a secret for almost a year.

It was her work in a prologue while on tour that brought her her first picture role. She played in various First National and Universal pictures in small

Continued on page 22

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON One Hundred and Seven (Reviewed)

It's Another Review Week in Your School

YES, I know that I gave a review of our work in these columns not so long ago, but since that time I have received many letters from new readers inquiring about the "First Principles" of playwriting, and so I think another one is due. And I daresay it won't hurt any of us to go over them again.

Perhaps you are one of those fortunate ones who has had a story in mind for years, a story that is now in very definite form in that brain of yours, and you have only to carry out that long-formed but never before acted upon determination to write it. Well, write it now. Tell your story in the present tense, just as if the story were happening before the eyes of the person who is to read it, and, when you have finished it, read it over and visualize each scene for yourself. You'll find you get quite a different impression from doing this than from writing just the words themselves. Make your pictures for yourself as you read, then think whether the pictures are conjured up just by the words you are reading or by thoughts that you have not put on paper. If the latter is the case, you'll have to rewrite your words, for in the scenario department there will be only your words and not your thoughts to tell your story.

I'll venture to say that, no matter how long or how deeply and definitely you have thought over your story, every rereading and every visualization will show you some way to better it.

And, when you have decided that you have pepped up the action all you can and have made the characters as appealing as you are able to, just have it typed and submit it to any picture company.

And now a few words to those readers who feel the urge to write and who know they have the ability to tell a story well but have no definite story in mind.

Some professional writers, both for stage and screen, start by selecting some quality, a virtue or a vice, and making that the keynote about which they have their plot revolve. Love, hate, jealousy, greed, fear and numberless other human emotions may be made the basic note. But the trouble in working according to this plan is that frequently in carrying out the central idea the characters themselves are neglected. And, too, for most people it is a very difficult way to work. To my mind, the beginner will do much better to think of his people and his action and just tell the story.

Perhaps, when it is finished, it will have a definite theme, at that. So much the better and you will have killed two birds with the one stone. But this definite theme is by no means necessary. Many successful plays for stage and screen have gotten along very well without it.

Try to think of the kind of screen character and screen action that interests you. You're a fan and what interests you is quite likely to interest your fellow fans. Isn't that true? There are stories all around you. In the open lives of your neighbors and your friends, there is screen material; in their secret confidences, you may find your plot.

And, when you have decided on this plot, why just set to work in the way I have suggested to those who have had their plots in mind for years. Write and read and visualize and then—rewrite.

One of the most important qualities for your play to possess is likableness. That doesn't mean that all your characters need be likable. But, if you have a heavy, for instance, try to make his elimination or his defeat a source of satisfaction to your audience. And draw your hero or heroine not only true to life but likable. Plays with a hero or heroine that one would not want about the house may be true to life but they are seldom popular. That is why it is well to avoid so-called "character roles" for your principals. The beginner, at any rate, should go sparingly with these odd types. If you want to use a character, write his part as a "bit" as professionals call it, and it may go very well, but better not use anyone at all eccentric for your principal roles.

But, when all is said and written, it is still true that all of these things are simply matters of opinion and that there are really no hard and fast rules for writing screen plays.

There is, of course, a preference for the "happy ending", but even this is not always adhered to.

Then, too, it is undoubted that there is a preference for those plays that have plots that can be translated into his own life by the millionaire or by his brother and sister of less financial prosperity or lower social status. In other words, the play that deals with some universal human emotion is more likely to find a sale than the one that is placed in some social or business atmosphere from which the plot cannot be detached and made in the mind of the audience to take place in their own particular sphere of action.

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She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All

And, if she doesn't, she'll find out

Billy B.: Your old friend, Bryant Washburn, will have one of the important roles in the forthcoming circus feature, "Swing High".

* * *

Brooklynite: Fred Scott, whom you liked so much in "The Grand Parade", owes his start on the stage to the municipal bandmaster of his home town, Fresno, California. When Fred was twelve years old, this bandmaster heard him sing at a grammar school entertainment and engaged him to appear as soloist with his band. He toured the entire state of California with this musical organization and, when he was sixteen, went to Los Angeles to complete his musical education. He studied with Signor Alberti and Otto Morando. The latter introduced him to Bebe Daniels who procured a small role for him in Rio Rita. This was the beginning of his successful screen career.

* * *

Kitty: Dorothy Burgess was born in Los Angeles and educated at Miss Dow's School, Briarcliffe Manor, N. Y. She is a niece of Fay Bainter, in whose play, "East Is West," she made her stage debut. Her first screen appearance was in "The Squall".

* * *

Wants-to-Know: George Bancroft is American, born in Philadelphia, Pa.; Skeets Gallagher, Irish-American, born in Terre Haute, Indiana, and Neil Hamilton, Irish-American, born in Lynn, Mass. Each of the three has a Missus.

At first Sue Carol found it difficult to persuade Jack Mulhall into believing that she had the "golden calf" in the Fox picture of that name, but she finally convinced him—and the audience, too.

T. M.: Dennis King is an Englishman. He first saw the light of day at Coventry, England.

* * *

Helen: You want to know how Billie Dove started her career? Well, here goes. She was fifteen years of age when she had her first "job". Her family lived in an apartment on 114th Street, New York City, and Billie was attending George Washington High School. She was studying art and also taking a secretarial course. It chanced that art won the first bid for her services, for she donned a Swiss costume her mother had saved as a family heirloom—her parents were Swiss—and posed for the school art class. One of the portraits of her attracted the attention of a commercial photographer attached to an advertising agency. He traced the sketch to the school and engaged Billie to pose in the costume for him. This led to a series of poses over a period of four months, in various costumes, advertising various articles. The company evaporated suddenly, but Billie had meanwhile attracted the attention of several prominent artists. She went into the Follies as a glorified beauty and soon afterward Hollywood called her.

* * *

Baxter Fan: Yes, indeed—indeed, yes, your favorite flicker hero is married. His wife is Winifred Bryson who at one time also lent her shadow self to the silver screen. Warner and the Missus are now honoring the Big Town with their presence, both extremely happy because the former captured the Academy of Arts and Sciences award for the best performance in 1929, his work in "In Old Arizona". It is the popular couple's first visit to New York in four years. However, it is familiar ground to them, for Warner formerly made pictures at the Paramount Astoria Studios. He has just completed a sequel to his prize picture for the Fox Company, "The Arizona Kid". In four weeks, he will return to Hollywood to star "Basquerie".

HELPING HEARTS CLUB

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

Last call, girls, to bring honor to your club and your Rosemary Lee by winning the "Miss Columbia" contest! Try not to send snapshots but pictures large enough to show what you really look like. Not only is Columbia Pictures anxious to meet you face to face but so is your Big Chief. And remember the contest closes on May 25th.

Some of you are still neglecting to stamp envelopes addressed to pals and—I blush to tell it—a few are addressing the outside envelope with the name of the pals instead of enclosing the letters in a separate envelope addressed to me. I venture to say that some poor benighted postman is wandering hither and yon, searching for Blue-Eyed Betty of the Stars and Smiling Sammy of the Moon. Now be good and heed the wishes of your

ROSEMARY LEE.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Have you another opening in your Helping Hearts Club? I would like to become a member if possible. Please let me as I am so lonesome and long to have some true pen pals. I am not going to write much about myself here, though I hope there will be some one who will care to write and find out. But I will say I am twenty years old, have medium brown hair and blue eyes and am five feet five. Now that's all I'm going to say. I would love to hear from Lonesome Girl of Syracuse and Lonely Girl from Wisconsin and Larry from California and Jack from the East. Please won't some one from California write to me?

Wishing all success and happiness to the pen pals and most of all to you, Rosemary Lee,

Just Shirley.

That reminds me—all Larry's letters are coming home to roost. It looks as if he's moved without consulting Big Chief Pal. Why not write to the pals first, Shirley? That's the quickest way to start the ball rolling.

Dear Miss Lee:

This is station LEE now broadcasting and I have been asked to send this little plea over the air to all the people in the world. A twenty-two-year-old, brown-eyed blonde of the Queen City would like everyone who is acquainted with radio or stage work to write to her—not only these, but everybody else. This little girl is none other than yours truly, who is a "hello" girl at station WLW. Please, pals, all of you drop a line to

Radio Lee.

Glad you had courage to keep at it, Radio Lee. If you could see the stack of letters on my desk, you would realize why so many hundreds are kept waiting. Many thanks for your holiday wishes in your delightful little personal note to me.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I am one of the most lonesome boys in the world, begging to enter your club. I am seventeen, blond, five foot seven and one-half inches in height, interested in sports and reading. I would like to hear from anyone anywhere. I work twelve hours every night, six nights a week. I have no girl friends and few boy friends on account of working nights.

Hoping to hear from someone soon,

C. of Caz.

But you have now, C. of Caz. Just see how quickly the pals will "get on the job".

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I would like to join your Helping Hearts Club. I am twenty-one years of age and have light hair and blue eyes. I am very fond of sports such as football, baseball and swimming. But my greatest hobby is music. I have an orchestra of my own. I do hope that I can cheer some one as I have a mania for pen pals everywhere.

Blondie George.

Here's another pal with an orchestra. We'll soon be quite a musical club.

"DO'S" FOR THE PALS

1. Write on one side of the paper only. (Write as long a letter as you wish but do not have one side of writing "backing" another.)
2. Send in cards—postcard size—containing your pen name, your own name and address.
3. Head your letters with your pen name, your own name and address.
4. Be sure to stamp letters to be forwarded to other pals.
5. Address letters to be forwarded to other pals with the pen name ACROSS THE BACK OF THE ENVELOPE IN LEAD PENCIL. Enclose such letters in a separate envelope addressed to Rosemary Lee, 151 West 44th Street, New York City.
6. When you write to have your address changed, sign your pen name as well as your own name.
7. Whenever possible, type your letters.

Dear Miss Lee:

May I join your happy gang?

I am a lonely little girl just five feet tall, age seventeen, have brown hair and hazel eyes.

I would love to correspond with boys and girls from all over the world, especially those of Jewish faith.

My favorite ambition is to travel, to go out and see the wide, wide world. I love to read and dance. I also like such sports as baseball, basketball and skating.

Anyone caring to write to me can be assured of prompt answers.

Please print this letter soon, Miss Lee, because you will be doing a great favor for another lonely little girl.

Doris from Sask.

Another little pal from Canada! Our Canadian branch is becoming quite an important part of our organization.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

In the January 7th issue of Moving Picture Stories, I happened to run across your adorable club. It was the very first time I ever read this magazine and I enjoyed your corner best of all.

Among the pals' letters I didn't see one from Michigan and so I decided to try to put one representative from this dear old state on your map of pals. Did I succeed?

I am a girl, five feet six inches, have blue eyes and light complexion. Oh, yes, I have wavy hair. It's brown. I still go to high school but "It won't be long now".

I think that picture of Ann Pennington was the sweetest thing. And why shouldn't she be happy if she belongs to a club like yours?

I am interested in dancing and music. I play all the modern tunes on the piano. Some day I want to have a dance orchestra of my own. I am going to try very hard. I have written a few little pieces of music but they don't amount to anything. I am going to write a song about you. May I? Would you describe yourself so I could put you into words?

I am going to tell you of an experience I had last week. Do you ever take a dare? I did. Some of my pals around here dared me to go coasting in a bathing suit! And I did. Really, Rosemary, it isn't so bad as it sounds. The snow was only about two feet deep and I wore shoes and overshoes. It was lots of fun.

Well, I must close now before I freeze you up with any more experiences of mine.

The gang around here say that they can never tell what I am liable to do. (I am French.)

Would like very much to hear from your pen pals. I will answer all letters received.

Freezingly yours,

Bobby Snowflake.

My goodness, Bobby, that was a terrible dare to take! Where was the family while you were busy courting pneumonia? I think it will be splendid

Our hats are off to Greta Garbo, not only for her splendid performance as Anna Christie but also for the feat she performed in learning the English language in such a short time. I wonder how many of our pals could cultivate even a bowing acquaintance with another language so quickly.

for you to have an orchestra of your own. Can't you start it right away with some of your friends, just for the fun of it? Chicago Jockey has one. Perhaps, if you write to him, he'll tell you all about it. Description? Brown eyes, reddish-brown hair, five foot, five and a half high. Wide? That's telling. Don't forget the contest picture, Bobby.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I join your Helping Hearts Club? I am a lonesome girl who would be very pleased to receive letters from boys and girls from all over, especially A Lonesome Indiana Boy.

I am seventeen years old, five feet two inches tall, have light brown hair and blue eyes. I have many friends but no pen pals. I like all kinds of sports, especially dancing, and I love to read. The M. P. S. is my favorite magazine at the present time.

I shall be waiting patiently now for the mailman to bring me heaps of letters from some pen pals which I will answer promptly.

Rita of New York.

May M. P. S. continue to be your favorite magazine forever and ever, Rita.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Today for the first time I bought this wonderful book and read every bit of the Helping Hearts Club. I sure am interested in it and how!

I hope I may join your pen pals and the pen pals will give me a break and write to me soon. I'm sure I could write some interesting letters to them.

I am eighteen years old, five feet four inches tall, long, light brown, wavy hair, dark brown eyes, fair complexion and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds.

I still go to high school and hope to graduate next Christmas. Say, do I like to dance? Just ask me! I'm just crazy over it. I like all outdoor sports and movies.

I would like to hear from A Lonesome Indiana Boy, Texas Kid, Eastern Girl and Cape Cod Margie. I'll be looking every day in the mail box for letters from these pen pals or any one that would like to write to me.

Dot of San Francisco.

I note you are not partial, Dot—two girls and two boys. That's nice. I know you're going to keep that little old typewriter busy answering letters. I'm sure, too, you'd like to send some views of your lovely city to our brave little pal who is making a courageous fight against tuberculosis in a New Hampshire sanitarium. Her name is Juliette of New Hampshire.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have just finished reading M. P. S. Magazine. What a lovely and happy club you must have! Have you room for me? I am a high school girl of eighteen, a senior and will graduate in May. I love to write letters and I promise to answer all that I receive. I am very much interested in dramatics as I read over the radio quite a bit from a prominent station near this city. I am a reporter for our local newspaper and would enjoy hearing from folks who are interested in that type of work or anyone else. The more letters, the merrier life will be for me. I am fond of sports, football especially. I am five feet, three inches tall, have light brown curly hair and am an American. I will write to both sexes, any nationality or religion, so come on, pals, and drop me a line, won't you?

Frances of Nebraska.

It's splendid that you're broadcasting, Frances. What fun your pals will have from listening in when you are on the air!

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Carol of California tipped me off to the fun and pleasure which everyone enjoys when he or she joins your club. May I also have a share in the fun?

I have been quite lonely, as I live out in the country and do not have the chance to become chummy with everyone, as Carol does, for she becomes acquainted very quickly and easily.

I am sixteen, have straight blonde hair cut in a windblown bob, blue eyes, fair complexion, and am considered fairly pretty. I am five feet two, slender and of the domestic type. I love to cook, sew, read and write letters.

I am not at all athletic but I can play the violin very well.

Please, pen pals, from sixten to sixty, write to your new clubmate,

Giggles.

How fortunate you are in having a dear little friend like Carol! Remember, I am looking forward to receiving pictures of both of you for the "Miss Columbia" contest. Hollywood would be such a short distance for you to travel and think what news you'd have to tell us!

* * *

My dear Miss Lee:

Have you room for a lonely Missouri boy in your wonderful H. H. C.? I am eighteen years of age, six feet tall and have brown eyes and brown curly hair. I am studying for a stage career, the only profession I am at all interested in. Have you any others on your list that are studying for stage work? If you have, I would like to hear from them or from anyone who will write to me.

Our city is located on the Missouri River. It is a large railroad center and has a population of over 77,000 people. There is not much more to tell about myself and my surroundings. I am going to New York next year to complete my studies in dancing and singing. Hoping that you will find me some pen pals, somehow, somewhere.

Albert of Missouri.

Several of our pals are interested in stage work, Albert, and it will be interesting for you to exchange experiences and ambitions with them.

* * *

Rosemary Lee:

While looking over a stock of magazines in the neighborhood drug store, I noticed Belle Baker adorning the cover of the January 7th issue of Moving Picture Stories and, having played theatres in the same block or across the street from ones at which she was headlining, also having witnessed her act several times, I naturally wanted to know what it was all about. After digesting all about Belle Baker, I noticed the Helping Hearts Club which interested me so much that I could not resist the temptation to write. I hope you will overlook my mistakes as most of my education I received on the road in the school of life, with plenty of hard knocks for good measure.

Now a few pen pals would be just the thing I need as I have no desire for personal friendships because of the death of my wife who assisted me in my Mystery Act and the wound has not healed as yet. Your club offers a solution to me whereby I can have friends without personal contact.

As to my interests, I like art, especially religious and oriental subjects. I dabble with oils in spare

moments. Next, dancing, that is, tap dancing in all its forms. I have no use for ballroom dancing. And last, but not so very interesting to outsiders, magic. Magic has taken up the greater part of my life but, with the advent of talkies, vaudeville contracts have become so lean and far between that it does not pay, and anybody with common sense will swallow his or her pride and forget about being an artist and go into some other line where the same amount of effort will pay and you don't have to worry where your next meal is coming from.

The only thing that worries me about your club is that I am not so sure that I can get pen pals my age which is twenty-six. However, I'm hoping to receive a lot of interesting letters, thanks to you.

Wishing you the best of luck and success, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Ramleh.

You must indeed miss your workmate and playmate, Ramleh. I am glad, though, that your heart is still loyal to her. We of the stage, past and present, are not always credited with singleness of affection—but how mistaken those on the other side of the curtain sometimes are. It seems to me that your education in the school of life has well fitted you spiritually to meet any situation—and to make you a most interesting pen pal. Perhaps your work has brought you in contact with Princess Wahletka, that adorable little lady whose talents, I take it, lie in the same direction as your own. I had the pleasure of meeting her a few years ago and it was an experience that I enjoyed. Yes, the talkies have changed the face of vaudeville, but I am hoping that a readjustment is not far away, for all performers in the two and three a day are very close to my heart. Do not worry about not finding pals your own age. Our members range from fifteen up. Then, too, haven't you found that age is more a matter of understanding than of years? Here's to a bigger and better season to you, Ramleh! Be assured that, if you ever play these parts, your Big Chief will be as near the footlights as possible. Watch out then, lest she penetrate the secret of your feats of magic!

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I, too, become a member of your Helping Hearts Club? What a splendid title! It appealed to me very much in the first place as today, more than ever, so many lonely hearts need cheering and lifting up. I am sure you will agree with me.

My friend here has a friend in America who forwards your magazine to her and my friend, in turn, passes it on to me. This all sounds very complicated, or, as we generally say in England, "a little bit Irish".

The only page I really care for is the Helping Hearts page. I am being very frank, I'm afraid.

I wonder if you will forward my letter on to the little girl, who signs her name "Baby of St. Louis". What a deal of sorrow and trouble she has had! I who have splendid sight perhaps can show her through my eyes a little of the things she cannot see very well. I think it is one of the worst afflictions, especially as "Baby" has once been able to see.

I am putting one of our stamps on. Perhaps you will see that it reaches the little girl I mean.

Maybe one or two other lonely ones would like to write to me. I shall be pleased to receive their letters also. I am not going to describe myself. I could not if I tried, except I'm five foot in height, dark hair, age 25.

I wish you and your club every success.

Yours sincerely,

Miss England.

We do enjoy hearing from pals across the water, Miss England. I immediately forwarded your letter to our little pal in St. Louis to whom the physical world is now such a dark place. The spirit that prompted you to choose her as your first pal is the spirit of our club's three C's—comfort, cheer and companionship.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

As I write, the fumes of roasting turkey penetrate my nostrils, not to my consternation, however, even though I am in a quandry as to whether to accept the invitation for chicken dinner at four or stay and have Ma's delicious turkey.

I am doing—sh! a sketch of Joan Crawford. I am an artist. Before me lie writing equipment, a Shrine Magazine and M. P. S. I have just finished reading the H. H. C. department and am enthused over this idea as it will bring together by way of correspondence the souls of lonely people. I have many acquaintances but few friends. I don't get the two confused if I can help it.

You know, artists of any kind are usually very much misunderstood. "Demented in their genius or fanatical in their ideals," some wisecrackers say. They are all seemingly judged by a few. However, I am not the kind that goes in for freak hair cuts or ill designed clothes. On the contrary, I dress to suit my type which is something on the Kay Francis order—only I have dark eyes.

Just Somebody is the type that appeals to me and, oh, how he can write!

So won't you print this, Rosemary Lee, and let somebody who understands an artist write?

I'm glad I "columbused" (I coined that word) the H. H. C. best wishes to the Big Potentate Heart, Rosemary Lee of the Shrine of Happy Hearts. Yours for life in general.

Kaye of Philly.

To look like Kay Francis and be an artist, to boot—well, I think that's quite a share of blessing for one little pal. I greatly admire that Francis lady's smartness. And it has the added attraction of seeming unstudied. That's art! And, by the way, if you finally decided to insult Ma's turkey by leaving it in favor of a chicken, tell Ma it smells pretty good to me, too.

The Lost Zeppelin

(Continued from page 18)

"Can't your hear it? A motor!"

"It's your imagination, Tom," Hall returned, wearily, sure now that his friend had become demented from the strain.

"No, no!" Tom almost shrieked as he pulled his mufflers from his ears. "Can't you hear the whir of an aeroplane? Listen!"

Hall moved back his own ear muffs and the sound of a motor came distinctly to him. While he listened, the sound grew fainter and finally ceased.

"Oh, my God!" Tom screamed. "He's gone past us! Stop him! Stop him!"

"Steady, Tom," Donald counseled. "That won't help. There he is! He sees us, Tom! He's going to make a landing!"

Both watched tensely the growing speck in the sky. It was coming nearer. The pilot signaled. He saw them, then he shut off the motor.

"He's going to crash!" Tom wailed and covered his face with his hands, while Donald kept his gaze on the plane.

"No, he isn't," he said, excitement in his voice. "Watch him. He's a damn good pilot."

"He can't, I tell you. No pilot could land here!"

"Steady—steady now." Hall kept his eyes glued on the little craft, partly in admiration of the pilot's skill, partly in amazement at his daring. He was half crazed with anxiety as he watched his maneuvers and his almost fatal landing. "He's made it! He's made it!" he shouted in hysterical joy.

"I nearly missed you," the pilot greeted. "Where are the others?"

"Gone," Hall replied, sadly.

"We're all that's left," Tom added quickly. "Commander Hall, and I'm Tom Armstrong."

"Oh!" the pilot exclaimed, and, to hide his emotion, bowed and went to the ship, to return presently with cans and bottles.

"I guess you're most interested in food," he said. "Wallace is my name, Lieutenant Wallace."

The two starved men gulped greedily at the soup he gave them, although Hall saw that the pup received his portion first.

"How did you happen to find us?" the Commander asked between gulps.

"Just luck, sir. We knew you were down at the station from your last radio, and I've been searching for you ever since. I saw the skeleton of the Zep. I'm sure glad I found you," he grinned.

"You've got nothing on us," Tom said gleefully. "Think of it, Donald, we're going home, people—and streets— lights, theatres, music!"

"I'm ready," the Commander returned. "We mustn't forget our records. Pup, we're going home."

Lieutenant Wallace looked grave.

"There's room in the plane for only one."

"You mean—one of us must remain here?" Tom cried.

He sank back on the ice, while Hall's eyes wandered from him to the mattress they had brought from the Zeppelin. Finally he stooped and from it drew a straw which he broke in two and closed his left hand over the two parts.

"The long straw goes back," he said.

"Don't worry. I'll come back for the man who stays," the pilot assured them.

"He means he'll try to come back," Hall added with a bitter smile. "But will he find the man who loses? We've been here long enough to know how these ice floes shift, Tom. There isn't a chance in a thousand for the man who is left behind."

Tom was trembling with fear and excitement and his nerve nearly left him as Hall withdrew the straws and said:

"I'm lucky, Tom. I never lost a game of chance in my life and, by all the laws of God and man, I should win this time. I'll win—and I'll go back."

"All right, all right!" Tom cried in frenzy. "Let's get it over."

Concluded in Moving Picture Stories dated May 27.

A Royal Romance

(Continued from page 15)

the room, a veritable dusky fashion plate. Gleefully he told his young master his story. When the Count and his soldiers had entered the castle, he had taken refuge in the cellar. There he discovered his heart's delight, row after row of sparkling liquors. In the process of emptying a bottle, his foot had hit against a loose stone in the floor and, raising it, he had discovered a box which he triumphantly laid down upon the table. Wonderingly Hale opened it to reveal a fortune in gems.

"The Von Baden jewels!" the Countess exclaimed. "They've been lost for centuries."

"They're yours, Rusty," Hale announced.

"No, boss," the darky grinned. "Ah, just want mah ten puhcent commission—an' Ah done took dat already. An' now Ah'se goin' back to Bumminham. Goodby."

"Now your hero hasn't any reason for not telling the girl he loves her—if he really does," the Countess said, her eyes wandering to the glistening jewels that lay spread out on John Hale's table.

The young novelist's brow knitted in a puzzled frown. What was that speech the Countess had suggested for his hero when he had asked her advice about the baffling love scene he felt he must work into his best seller. He had it! The next thing was to get the courage to repeat it. The words came faintly, almost a whisper:

"I love you. I adore you. Without you, life would be a—a—a—" He gazed into her eyes pleadingly and a mischievous smile brightened her own.

"A something or other," she laughed softly.

What would the hero do next? Oh, he had it! And, of course, his hero must act true to form! Putting his arms about her, he gathered her gently into his arms and planted a shy kiss upon her smiling lips.

Children of Pleasure

(Continued from page 5)

he could freshen up a bit while she gathered up her bouquet and the other accessories needed by a bride.

But Danny was too nervous to stay in one room and he paced idly up and down, waiting for the first strains of the wedding march from the music-room below. Laid out on the divan in a room adjoining Pat's suite, he found her bridal veil and, with a caressing touch, he picked it up and stood gazing fondly at the wreath of orange blossoms that was to encircle his beloved's golden hair. He would write a song about it. It was sure to be a hit, for the melody was singing in his head and his heart was beating in rhythm to the tune. Then the veil dropped from his hands at the sound of voices from the adjoining room.

"Pat, I can scarcely believe you're going through with it." It was Rod Peck speaking.

"What do you think I'm rehearsing it for?" Pat laughed.

"I thought you might change your mind, even at the last moment," Peck said. "Regan's a good fellow but you don't love him any more than you did the others I've watched you play around with."

"You men are funny," Pat teased. "You take yourselves so seriously."

"I never thought I'd lose you like this." Danny was surprised at the deep regret in the other's voice.

"Rod darling, you haven't lost me," Pat returned.

"Be honest," Peck urged. "You don't love him, do you?"

"I don't know." Pat's tone indicated that the matter was not one for deep consideration. "I'm marrying him to find out. It's a sort of experiment."

"You'll be fed up with the whole thing inside of six months," Peck told her.

"But, my dear, consider the antidote," Pat laughed. "If I'm bored, all I'll have to do is to press the little button"—she placed her finger playfully above Peck's heart—"and turn on a love song. If my experiment fails, I'll end it and then I may take you on, old dear. You see, you're Danny's understudy." Through the open door, the brokenhearted boy saw Pat's arms go about Rod Peck's neck. "Don't be silly, old dear. This is a modern marriage, model 1930. You lunch me, dine me, dance me just as you've done before." She raised her lips and kissed him. "Now get out of here, will you? I must rehearse my great experiment."

THE first strains of the wedding march sounded from the orchestra in the music-room and the bridal party began its slow descent of the winding stairs. The intimate friends assembled below gazed in admiration at the lovely procession, the little flower girls strewing rose petals from the baskets they carried on their arms, the maid of honor and the bridesmaids, then the lovely bride, leaning on the arm of the distinguished-looking William Thayer. As they neared the flower-banked altar, everyone turned at the peal of laughter that came from the white-faced boy waiting there for his bride.

"Lovely, beautiful," he cried, "one of the grandest shows I've ever seen!" With a rapid stride he came forward to meet Pat. "But we don't have to rehearse it to the final curtain, do we? After all, it's only an experiment."

Pat looked up at him with a puzzled, uncomprehending smile.

"An experiment? What do you mean, Danny?"

"Just so we won't make any terrible mistakes and gum up the big show tomorrow. They don't want to see any more of this." He indicated the guests who were looking on with amused curiosity, then he turned to the orchestra. "Stop that tune," he ordered. "It's too sad. I'll play something you'll like much better, something that you can dance to." Entering into the spirit of his mood, though frankly puzzled by it, the guests applauded lightly and murmured their laughing approval. "Remember that song I wrote about our marriage?" he asked Pat. "You'll be surprised at what I can do with it. One of the ladies wants to hear something funny," he told the orchestra. "Well, we'll give her a laugh and make her dance to it. We're all too solemn. Let's snap out of it. Let's give everybody a laugh." As he turned to the piano, the pianist made way for him and Danny ran his fingers quickly over the keys. "Come on, boys," he shouted. "You know the melody of 'The Happy Marriage'. Follow me in red-hot dance time and jazz it—you get me—jazz it!"

He threw back his head and his hollow laugh mingled with the music. As the guests danced by the piano, they eyed him curiously but he kept right on playing in maddened jazz tempo, his mouth fixed in a leering grin, his eyes glinting and hard. Pat came quietly to his side.

"Danny, why did you stop the rehearsal?" she asked.

"Why rehearse an experiment?" he countered. "They were all bored to death, so I pressed the little button and turned on a love song, a jazz love song. That's what they wanted."

"Danny dear, you don't have to play," Pat urged, now truly disturbed. "Don't you want to dance with me?"

"Why should I?" he laughed. "Here's where I belong." He indicated the piano.

"But I want to talk to you," Pat told him.

"Dance with my understudy," he suggested, his reckless, bitter mood building with the mad beat of the music. "He knows you better than I do. Think of the others he's watched you play around with."

"What do you mean?" she asked, but understanding had finally dawned upon her and her alarm was apparent in her eyes.

"He thought he'd lost you, but he hadn't. He took it seriously just as I did. 'Love and honor till death do us part!' What a laugh that turned out to be! But that's modern marriage, isn't it? This is 1930. Why be old-fashioned? It's all in fun, all an experiment that's liable to fail. Come on, Pat, get in the picture, laugh at it, sneer at it, jazz it! God, what a scream!"

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Pat's pride came to her rescue. She pulled herself together quickly and with a scornful glance at Danny turned to Peck who came up at that moment.

"Come on, Rod, let's dance," she said and they glided away, followed by Danny's laughter mingled with the trombone's brazen bray.

IN THE days that followed, Danny Regan was absent from his old haunts and Emma and Bernadorf, his partner, spent anxious hours trying to locate him.

"He's a sensitive kid," Emma said sadly. "When love comes to a lad like that, all his beautiful dreams seem to be true. It must be hell to wake up and find they're not."

She picked up the telephone and again tried his hotel but with no success. Mr. Regan hadn't been seen or heard from since the night of the wedding rehearsal.

The next day Danny himself called the office. He was drunk, Emma knew it the moment she heard his voice, and he was laughing, laughing like a mad man.

"You're home, Danny?" she questioned. "Well, you stay there. Don't you dare leave. I'll grab a taxi and be right up."

When she entered his suite a few minutes later, she found him at the piano, singing a love song he had written to Pat, changing the words to suit his bitter, reckless mood. He was haggard and wan and a half-emptied high-ball glass stood at the end of the keyboard. When he became aware of Emma's presence, he raised the glass with a grinning, "Hey, hey!"

"Hey, hey, yourself!" the girl returned. "Hidin' out on your Aunt Emma, weren't you? What's that you were playin', a new song?"

"That?" He rose from the piano with a gesture of derision. "It's nothing, a lot of bunk, just like life. Em, I'm through writing sentimental slush about hearts and love and bluebirds. Meet the new king of jazz."

"Aw, Danny, snap out of it." The girl put her arms affectionately around the boy's shoulder. "I know it hurts like the devil, but the course of true love is just a lot of detours, anyway. Pat's a good kid, but she's been spoiled by every man she's ever met. She's been phonin' the office every day, tryin' to get you."

"I don't want to talk about her," Danny flashed. "I don't want to think about her."

"Don't be comic," Emma laughed. "You're not thinkin' of anything else. Here, give me one of those." She indicated his glass. "I'm feelin' kind of sappy myself."

"You're a great old sport," Danny complimented as he poured the drink, "doing what I do to keep me company. I'm just beginning to realize how close you've been to me. You've helped me with every song I ever wrote. I owe everything to you. I'll never be good for anything without you. You know what we're going to do?"

"I'll bite," Emma clowned. "What're we goin' to do."

"Get married."

"Married!" she gasped. "When? Why?"

"Tonight. Never mind why. Will you?"

"You're crazy!" she told him.

"No, I'm not, not now. If I'd had any brains, I'd have asked you long ago."

"How do you know I want to marry you?" Emma queried.

"But, Emma, you wouldn't turn me down now." He looked at her helplessly. "I need you more than I ever did in my life. I'll love you, honest I will. I'll be on the level. I'll never let you regret it. Don't you see I can't go on alone?" He was pleading desperately now. "I'll go crazy. You've always stood by me. You won't fail me now, Emma?"

Her arms went about him in a motherly, protecting way, and she pressed her cheek against his hair.

"No, Danny, I won't fail you now."

"Gee, that's great!" he cried as he jumped up to get his hat and coat. "We'll drive up to White Plains to Judge Mulvaney's house.

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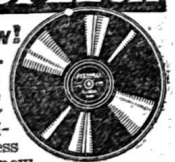

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He'll do it for us, license and all."

THE table was set for two in the living-room of Danny's apartment. Danny, himself, came out of his room and strolled idly over to the window and stood looking down on the busy street. A moment later Emma entered from the adjoining room.

"What's the matter?" she asked as Danny took his place at the breakfast table. "Give mama a look. Has it got a headache?"

"A headache?" he repeated. "I ache all over."

"Aw, it's all nervous and het up, too." There was a vein of sympathy beneath the girl's bantering tone. "Gettin' married upsets its little stomach."

"You see, Emma," Danny began furtively, trying to collect his thoughts, "I don't remember exactly—"

"I'll say you don't!" she laughed. "What a bridegroom you turned out to be!"

"What did I do?" he asked, puzzled.

"That's just it—you didn't do anything, you passed out cold. All I got was a kiss from the judge. I stuck you in a taxi, brought you back to the apartment, got you undressed, put you to bed and I slept in the guest-room. Now, if that's a bridal night, I'm Tetrazzini."

"I'm sorry, Emma," Danny apologized, then, to change the subject, he indicated the breakfast service and the morning paper ready at his hand. "Did you order these?"

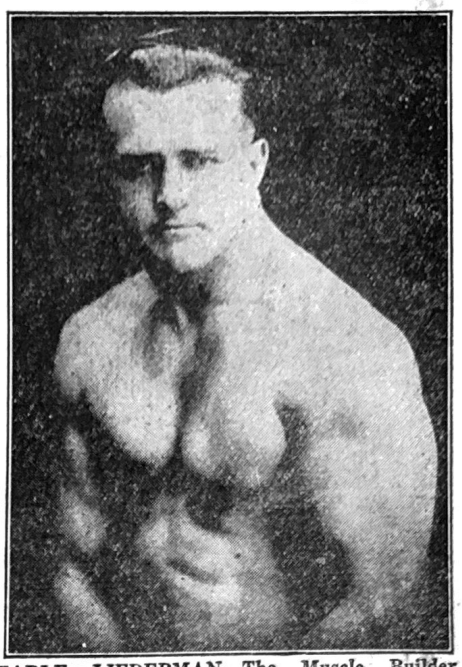
"Sure. I phoned for them. I did a lot of phonin' while you were sleepin'. It isn't in the papers yet, Danny," she added as he nervously scanned the pages.

"It would be okay with me," he returned with assumed indifference as he turned to his coffee.

"Isn't this just too bride and gloomy?" Emma laughed a trifle bitterly.

"Sure," Danny agreed with a pale semblance of enthusiasm. "It's great. We'll have it this way every morning."

"Won't that be grand?" Emma smiled. "You haven't kissed me, Danny," she added.



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"Haven't I?" As he rose to come to her side, the phone rang and Emma hurried over to answer it.

"It's a weddin' present," she explained. "I ordered it while you were sleepin'. I'm havin' them send it right up." A moment later the bell rang and Emma hastened to admit Pat Thayer. Danny's eyes opened wide with surprise as the girl hurried over to him. "Give this great big girl a little bitta hand. You gotta hand it to me, Danny. Of all the nifties I ever pulled on you, this one takes the cake."

"What do you mean?" Danny asked, looking from one to the other.

"You didn't fool your Aunt Emma when you pulled that marriage gag," she told him, "but I saw you had to be shown just what it would mean to wake up married to some other girl, so I played up to you, Danny, and put it over pretty. There never was any ceremony. You passed out before it began. Here's your weddin' present. I phoned for her this mornin'. Take her, kiss her and hang on to her." She grabbed her hat and started for the door.

"Emma!" he shouted after her.

"Don't stop me," she called over her shoulder. "I've gotta go some place where I can laugh, gotta get this out of my system, gotta write a song about bluebirds and love."

"Oh, Danny," Pat said, putting her arms about his neck, "I've so much to talk to you about, so much to ask you to forgive, so much—"

He gently freed himself from her embrace.

"Sorry, Pat," he said. "You'll have to excuse me. I haven't time to listen now. I have to catch Emma. I have something to tell her, something I've just discovered, something that means everything in the world to me." Before she realized what had happened, she was standing alone in Danny's apartment, her experiment a failure before she had tried it. From the corridor outside came the echo of Danny's eager voice, "Hey, Em, wait for me! We're goin' to go places and do things!"

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Strictly Modern

(Continued from page 9)

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," the judge's voice droned. "I now pronounce you—man—I now pronounce you man and—oh—"

He gripped his side while a paroxysm of pain twisted his face, then he fell over on the floor in a crumpled heap. Amy flung herself on her knees beside him, sobbing hysterically:

"Oh, my darling, my love."

"Amy, Amy, what are you saying?" Mrs. Spencer cried in dismay.

"Oh, I've broken his heart, I've broken his heart," the girl continued to sob in spite of all her mother's effort to quiet her.

A physician, hurriedly summoned from the house next door, administered to the groaning man and soothed the hysterical girl. When the excitement had subsided, Heath joined Kate on the stairs.

"Do you still want me to marry Amy?" he asked.

"I wouldn't finish one of my stories that way," she smiled shyly.

"There must be some power that watches over lovers," he said softly.

"There is." There was conviction—and a touch of mischief—in her voice.

"I suppose so," Heath commented, frankly puzzled, "but I can't understand how Judge Bartlett managed to faint at just the right moment."

"I can't understand how he stood on his feet as long as he did with all the medicine I put in his punch." She was laughing softly now.

"You did that?" he gasped.

"Why, certainly. I knew it was harmless—and I wanted a happy ending."

"Is this the happy ending?" His eyes were fastened hungrily upon the lovely, blushing face.

"I'm waiting for it," she whispered as she moved into his arms.

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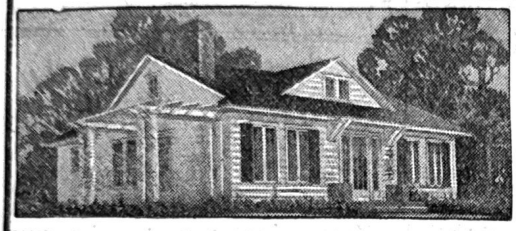

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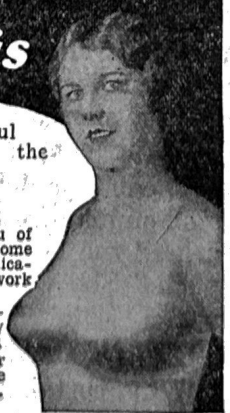

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Lives of the Great

(Continued from page 19)

roles and then was discovered by Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures and put under contract to that company, achieving stardom in its ranks. She has been frequently "borrowed" by other companies to appear in roles particularly suited to her type. Her talking debut was made in "The Donovan Affair", a Columbia production. She prefers "heavy" roles to straight leads. Her favorite diversions are riding and swimming but her picture work leaves her little opportunity for either. In her leisure moments she delights to don an apron and busy herself in the kitchen.

That's That

(Continued from page 11)

GRAHAM McNAMEE, Universal's Newsreel Reporter, makes it a point never to disappoint his audiences. He hasn't slipped up yet, though he came near it recently. He was hurrying to an appointment when a taxicab in which he was riding skidded around a corner and threw him against the side of the cab with such force that he injured his eye. He thought nothing of it until he began to show a fever when it was discovered that an infection had set in. His physicians ordered him to go to a hospital, but he was due to tell the story of the day's news for the newsreel, so, against the advice of his physicians, he insisted upon going to Camden, N. J., where he does his newscasting. He was accompanied by two physicians who kept their watchful eyes on him during his engagement. As soon as he was through with his talk, he was rushed to the Madison Hospital, New York, where a slight operation was performed to cleanse the eye of infected matter.

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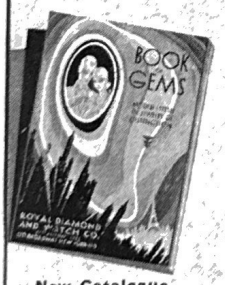

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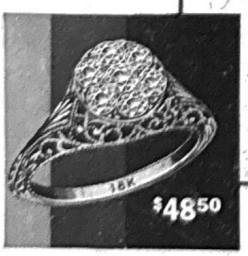

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